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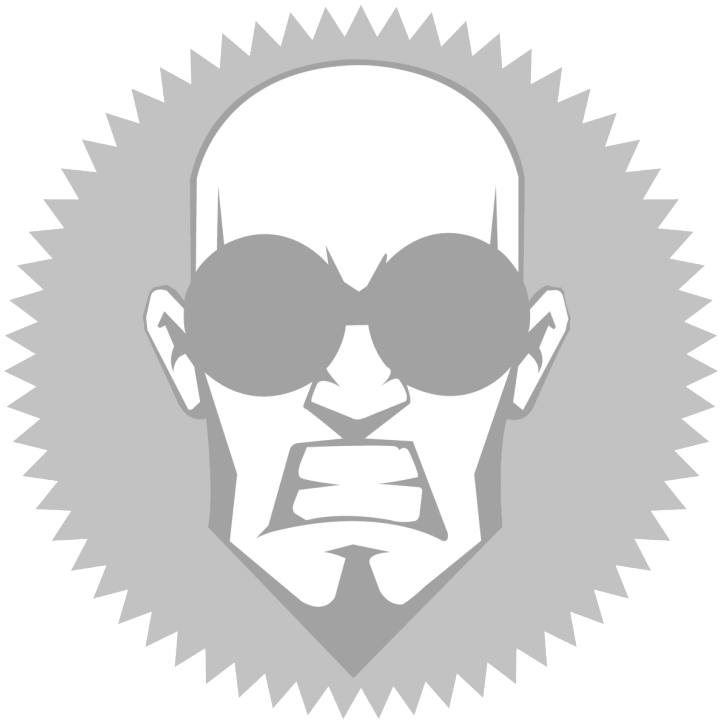

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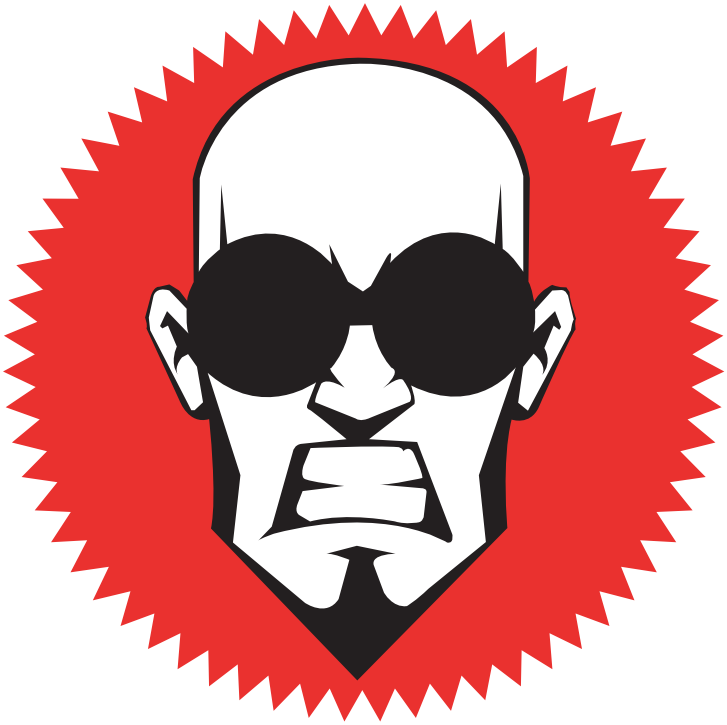

Manifesto

By: Dr. Phineas Waldolf Steel™

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-Founder and CEO of "**World Domination Toys**."-

INTRODUCTION

Hello, my name is Dr. Phineas Waldolf Steel™ and I'm crazy. At least that's what they tell me. It's a real load off of my mind too. I mean you can get away with pretty much anything if you're bonkers. It really relieves a lot of pressure and responsibility for me.

What I've noticed about being insane is the fact that most people really don't want to acknowledge insanity. You can walk down the street talking to yourself (or little dancing bears that no one else sees) and people violently avoid eye contact. "Keep walking, don't look at the crazy guy. Act like you don't see him." You become invisible because people just don't want to deal with what they don't understand. Life is too busy to try and stop someone from having a conversation with a fire hydrant. And being crazy isn't illegal. You won't even be placed into an insane asylum unless you try to hurt yourself or others (note: that also includes trying to burn down your ex-employer's toy company).

There are a lot of things I like about being crazy, but one of my favorites things has to be the fact that I don't have to be anything that the world expects me to be. If I feel like crawling around on the floor and barking during a business meeting, so be it. I'm nuts. If I feel like spouting off conspiracy theories involving the ***Alien Illuminati*** or that I will one day become World Emperor, then that's just to be expected. After all, I'm a complete wacko… and it's rather convenient.

UTOPIAN PLAYLAND
(part one)

With all that's happening in the world today I would like to take this opportunity to speak about a very important issue. Toys.

What image pops into your head when you hear the word "toy?" A plastic Strawberry Shortcake doll? A robot that transforms into a vehicle? Perhaps peculiar devices in the bedroom? In any case, all of those answers are correct. For in the New Dr. Steel™ World Dictionary, the definition shall read as follows:

toy n. "an object that makes you happy."

By this new definition we learn that a toy can be anything from a root beer flavored gum ball to a new Mercedes. Clothes, vacations, movies, music, pet monkeys…they all fall into the toy category. Not only are toys fun but in this day and age they seem to be becoming increasingly necessary.

As children all we really wanted to do was play… and then school got in the way. The first thirteen years of school is a "have to." We might rather be thinking about dinosaurs or unicorns, but we're told to concentrate on math and English. It's a daily exercise of memorization and regurgitation of seemingly inapplicable information. The only part of school many of us actually looked forward to was recess, which they conveniently removed once we started middle school. High school is quite possibly the worst designed and most inappropriate activity in the history of the world, as it places you in exactly the wrong environment at exactly the wrong time in your life. Then, it's off to college where very few of us even know what the hell we want to do. So, we take standard classes to earn a standard diploma so that we might fall into a standard career that we're not particularly interested in pursuing in the first place.

We're doing this because we feel that we have to. Society simply assumes that this is what you must do, though we would much rather be having fun. After all, that's all that there really is.

See, there's something I have to tell you and it's not going to be pleasant. I'm not exactly sure how to break it to you, so I'm just going to come right out and say it.

The meaning of life is…well, grim. To us humans with brains that have to justify everything, it's grim. There is no big, important meaning. No higher purpose. All of this business about progress and advancement of the human race? It's all just pounding the nails into our own coffins. If you wish to talk of purpose, the only real purpose humanity has is to reproduce. And, uh…news flash; We don't need to make any more humans. 6,476,684,982 people is more than enough.

But our brains can't stand not having "the answer." There must be a reason. So we form religions and clubs, we join the military and gangs and we have Tupperware parties. We plug ourselves into little pre-packaged microcosms with nice, tidy little rulebooks to tell us what to do. Obtaining validation of our existence simply because there's a bunch of other people agreeing and doing the same thing as we are. Meanwhile taking our insecure frustrations out on other groups with whom we don't agree (and vise versa).

This satisfies our brains to some extent, but it's not the answer. Many of us begin to lose faith, drop out, change sides or trade in our Tupperware. Something doesn't fit.

It doesn't fit because there's nothing to fit into.

As a species, we're totally disposable. Have you ever considered the fact that the human race is the only species on the planet that could simply disappear off the face of the Earth and it wouldn't effect the eco-system? Actually, that's not entirely true…our extinction would actually benefit the eco-system. We're also the only life form that's completely incapable of surviving in the world on its own. As H.L. Menken pointed out:

"Alone of all the animals, terrestrial, celestial or marine, man is unfit by nature to go abroad in the world he inhabits. He must clothe himself, protect himself, swathe himself, armor himself. He is eternally in the position of a turtle born without a shell, a dog without hair, a fish without fins. Lacking his heavy and cumbersome trapping, he is defenseless even against flies. As God made him he hasn't even a tail to switch them off."

How can this possibly be? How can we be the only extraneous life form on this planet? Why? Because we're not supposed to be here.

We're the result of genetic manipulations from an outside force. Skip all that business about evolution, humanity was cooked up in an alien easy bake oven a long time ago. That's why we don't work correctly. There's nothing 'natural' about us. We're mutant lab rats, unaware of the experiment we're in. We press the button, eat the cheese and continually run the maze not realizing there's a whole other world to be experienced. A rat doesn't want to run a maze, it wants to do "rat stuff". Groups of animal lovers continually fight to end this sort of experimentation on animals, but as Ted Kaczynski wrote, *"No one stops to ask whether it is humane to force adolescents to spend the bulk of their time studying subjects most of them hate."*

The ***Alien Illuminati*** doesn't care about human rights. As far as they're concerned, we don't have any. They made us. They're just waiting for the next ice age to hit. They'll eject in their escape pods along with two dozen supermodels and go live on the moon until things blow over. This has been going on for a very long time, yet we don't catch on because we're brainwashed, blinded and running on empty.

Their Reality Engineers guide our perspective of the world through corporate media, mass produced genetically engineered food keeps us operating on empty and experimental drugs, being introduced into society through various means, keep our brain patterns at a minimum. It's no wonder that we're a tired, unhappy, unhealthy lot who's daily highlight amounts to playing video games and watching television.

But now is the time to wake up. If we, as a species, could only accept the fact that we're completely disposable, we could begin spending our time doing what we really want to be doing. Having a good time. Quantum physics delves into the idea that our reality is whatever we perceive it to be. Meaning that it's only because we are observing this constructed reality that it continues to exist. So, enter the ***Alien Illuminati*** controlled mass media which tells us exactly what they want us to think. They create our reality by suggestion and reinforce it by opinion. Their goal is to keep us afraid and occupied with a million things so that we don't figure out what's going on.

Because if we did, we wouldn't stand for it. They know this and thus provide "the solution." Our bribe is receiving a constant, shotgun blast of mass media advertising from every street corner, billboard, bus stop, radio and website. Our bored minds are primed to soak up a generous helping of this pseudo-entertainment casserole. Stale and rotting with the same, recycled ingredients, we swallow it with not much of a choice.

But we do have a defense. It's the thing that we only use 5 percent of. It's called our brains.

By default, human beings have a collective consciousness. Most of us don't know that we use it, but we do. We're all connected on some level. This is fact. Not just some hippie-land fantasy talk. Experiments have proven time and time again that we are indeed linked to one another through some sort of psychic netting. The problem is that we're not encouraged to exercise this ability and furthermore, the ***Alien Illuminati*** has placed a frequency network over the entire planet as to keep our dimensional blinders on. We are multi-dimensional beings living in a confining three dimensions. If we were to experience all that we have the ability to experience, then they would cease to be in control. It's the Frankenstein monster theory. They created us and now they're afraid that we may destroy them.

So, how do we deal with this information? Well, most of us will completely ignore it. What I suggest is that we begin constructing our own reality. If our reality is what we're convinced it is, then let's make it a whole lot more fun and leave this filthy world behind. Let us band together with one, singular vision of creating a world based on the simple ideology of making fun the top priority.

Join me in my quest to build a better world. It is only as a collective with a singular, focused vision that we will be able to reject the ugliness of this realty and transform the world into a Utopian Playland.

Join my Army of Toy Soldiers! Enlist at **www.doctorsteel.com**